

Good Morning 467

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

At the Sign of the 'Ship-mates o' Mine'

I HAVE heard it suggested that it might be a sound idea, when the post-war world becomes a reality, for various units of the Services to develop their own clubs.

Thus, instead of a man joining up with a local social club, he could throw in his lot with an organisation composed of many of his old comrades and shipmates, which, in view of the people it would represent, might be able to secure for them certain advantages in civilian life.

Men with whom I have discussed this suggestion take the view that clubs of this type might gather a few hints from similar organisations that have sprung up all over the world—not solely for Servicemen, of course.

In bygone days the various Guilds in this country, formed for the purpose of protecting and fostering certain trades, developed into very powerful influences. They studied the needs of their members in varied ways. In the Middle Ages several of them misused their power, and it became necessary in certain cases to disband them.

The idea, however, of each branch of the Service having a club of its own appears to have a definite appeal. The idea of a social side interests many, but the majority—in keeping with the seriousness developed by war—show the greatest interest in the welfare side of such a club.

When the war has been won and the time comes for men to leave the Services to settle down in civilian life, there will inevitably be some difficulties for them all to overcome.

Naturally, in Britain there will be organisations anxious, and willing, to lend a hand where it is needed, but if a man knew that he was in a body composed of his own mates, he would be more happy in mind and more likely to ask advice or assistance.

Submariners with whom I have chatted over this suggestion think it a good idea—but cannot see how it would work without a great deal of research and planning. That is true, but in the long run such work would be well worth while.

When visiting Rumania in 1937, I was introduced to a young man who told me that he was secretary of the "Holidays for All" Club. I asked him what exactly his organisation did.

"Many of the people in my town," he said, "would never have a good holiday each year if they relied upon their savings. This struck me when I left university and went to work among them. They liked their drink, enjoyed a dance once a week—so I decided to capitalise on this.



The idea is a Civvie Club for Submariners—well, this looks all right, doesn't it?

"I collected among the young people and got enough money to hire a small hall. Here we erected a small bar, held a dance once a week—and told the patrons that the profits, if any, would be placed into a fund in their name, and the following summer every member (it cost a shilling or so to join) would receive a sum appertaining to what he or she had spent, to spend on a holiday.

"The scheme worked excellently, and because of this little 'Help Yourself' idea, every member had a holiday he or she might never have thought about had not our little club come into existence."

In the United States they probably develop the club spirit more than anywhere else. Apart from the numerous crank organisations, the clubs range from those run by ex-Servicemen, on behalf of their former comrades, to others originally founded for the purpose of glorifying some film star.

Strange as it may seem, these "film fan" clubs have done a great deal of good among themselves, and given other bodies a typical example of what might be done by clubs.

Often, under the leadership of the star they represent, they will make collections on behalf of charities, or members who are suffering from illness. Hospitals, refugees, and others in need of help, have been assisted by such clubs, who, in some towns, have opened special club-rooms for visitors.

Another club which was very proud of its success, and developed in California had as its members men who had been together in the same school. Their aim, however, was to see that their sons had every opportunity to make a success of their life.

Twice a week the young sons of the members went with their fathers to the club, met men who were experts in the subject they were studying at school, and had a "man-to-man" talk with them. In this way many a youth had a first-hand insight into the difficulties and behind-the-scenes story of the job he was hoping to follow after school.

Because of this system of "helping youth," many a son of this club's members has gone far.

In a variety of ways clubs of all types are helping members to overcome every difficulty—

'LOWER PRICES
OR WE RAISE
THE WIND.
VOX POPULI
SUPREMA LEX'

SHOW WAS RIOT PIT v. PLAYERS

YOU may have heard of the famous O.P. Club, but maybe you don't know that the origin of that club was a series of riots at the old Covent Garden Theatre that were the most remarkable ever to take place within a theatre.

The cause of the riots was the raising of the prices of seats—sixpence for the pit and 2 shilling for other parts of the house—and the riots raged from the 18th September to the 14th December, 1809, and upset the whole of London.

THE old theatre had been re-decorated and rebuilt, and the management advertised the opening play as "Macbeth and the Quaker," with the famous actor Kemble and Mrs. Siddons taking part.

Hardly had Kemble appeared to speak the prologue when catcalls and yells from every part of the theatre drowned his speech. Mrs. Siddons was sent for to quiet the storm, but she was yelled at more than ever. A bunch of rowdies stormed their way to the stage and climbed upon it, starting a dance and waving cudgels. They were egged on by the wealthier patrons. The scene became pandemonium.

Police officers were sent for from Bow Street station, and the magistrate, Mr. James Read, came, too. He tried to read the Riot Act from the stage. The paper was torn from his hands, and there was a wild fight between the law and the civilians. Soldiers on leave took part. When the house was at last cleared there were wounded men (and women) lying everywhere.

The rioters were called the O.P. Club. They appointed a barrister named Clifford to become spokesman for them, and every night similar scenes took place, Clifford always getting a great reception when he appeared.

He organised bands with whistles, drums, bugles, rattles and other instruments, and every performance became a wild hullabaloo, and generally ended with the O.P. dance on the stage.

One of the company who had been engaged to play in the piece was Madame Catalani, and she was objected to because she was not British. The demonstrations were always directed against Kemble, and whenever either one or other appeared on the stage the whole pit leaped up and started the row.

Special bills were printed at Clifford's suggestion and pasted on the boxes and walls, bearing legends such as:

John Bull versus John Kemble.
Verdict for the plaintiff.
Kemble, wake up, or fall for ever!

Another bill was pasted outside the theatre bearing the words: "Do you, Kemble, lower your prices or we will raise the wind. Vox populi suprema lex."

At last, in order to cope with the situation, the managers of the theatre engaged the services of old Townsend, the well-known Bow Street runner, who brought into the theatre one night a body of pugilists, including the famous Mendoza and the amateur Lord Yar-mouth.

There was a free fight that night everywhere within the building. Then Clifford, the leader of the rioters, announced that he would challenge the action of bringing bruisers into the theatre against His Majesty's subjects, as this was illegal. He got the verdict at Bow Street and the bruisers were withdrawn.

Every night Bow Street was filled with rioters who had been arrested and policemen who had been injured.

Finally, on November 1st, Brandon, the box-office manager, had Clifford himself arrested. This was a bad move, for Clifford gaily appeared at Bow Street, and argued so well that the magistrate (Mr. Read) discharged him.

Next move was that Clifford brought an action against Brandon, and got a verdict and five pounds damages. Clifford's reputation rose higher and higher.

It gave the O.P.s complete victory. The management, fearing the ruin of the theatre, gave in, and announced that all terms demanded would be granted. Brandon was dismissed from his post.

Then Kemble himself gave the O.P.s a dinner at the Crown and Anchor, and the guests gave him a cheer and drank his beer and ate his roast beef. But there was one point still remaining.

The O.P.s, through Clifford, stated that there should be no private boxes, because these boxes were believed to encourage immorality "among the swells." So Kemble struck out



Stalls and boxes of Covent Garden Theatre, well dressed... and (in this picture) well behaved.

the private boxes, too. Madame Catalani's services were dispensed with, and the riots ceased at once.

This was the first and last time in British stage history where the public dictated managerial policy and got away with it.

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

ALL YOU NEED IS: HOOK, STRING AND BULL RING

A GAME now being played in the local taverns and inns of the villages in Yorkshire was derived from a farm hand's idle moments sheltering from the rain.

The only need is an ordinary bull ring, a piece of string, and a hook screwed into the ceiling. The idea is to swing the ring in pendulum fashion, with an endeavour to catch it on the hook.

It looks easy until you try, because the ring, if swung flat, hits the hook and comes back; if swung in line with the string it doesn't hang on, even if you hit the hook. It needs a great deal of judgment.

Each player has twenty tries, and the highest number of rings wins the pints. As we said, it isn't easy. It cost the photographer a couple before he realised that skill was definitely needed.

Joe Champion, the licensee of the Cleveland Inn at Com-



mondale, in Cleveland, on the Whitby moors, is a past master at the game, and he told us how the game originated.

"A farm hand was idling his time in a barn while

waiting for a heavy shower to cease, and he toyed with a bull ring attached to a piece of string. Without any great thought, he tried to catch it on a hook from a

beam, and from then on the game has spread, until a number of inns and pubs have the bull ring hanging from the rafters."

F. W. REED.

This Giant ate Men Alive

THE pleasures of the life which I then led, began Sindbad in relating his third story, soon made me forget the risks I had run in my two former voyages; but, being then in the flower of my age, I grew weary of living without business; and hardening myself against the thought of any danger I might incur, I went from Bagdad with the richest commodities of the country to Balsora.

There I embarked again with other merchants. We made a long navigation and touched at several ports, where we drove a considerable commerce. One day, being out in the main ocean, we were attacked by a horrible tempest, which made us lose our course. The tempest continued several days, and brought us before the port of an island, where the captain was very unwilling to enter; but we were obliged to cast anchor there.

When we had furled our sails, the captain told us that this and some other neighbouring islands were inhabited by hairy savages, who would speedily attack us; and though they were but dwarfs, yet our misfortune was such that we must make no resistance, for they are more in number than the locusts; and if we happened to kill one of them, they would fall upon us and destroy us.

The discourse of the captain put the whole equipage into a great consternation; and we found very soon to our cost that what he had told us was but too true: an innumerable multitude of frightful savages, covered all over with red

hair, and about two feet high, came swimming towards us, and encompassed our ship in a little time.

They climbed up the side of the ship with so much agility as surprised us. We beheld all this with a mortal fear, without daring to offer at defending ourselves, or to speak one word to divert them from their mischievous design. In short, they took down our sails, cut the cable, and, hauling to the shore, made us all get out, and afterwards carried the ship into another island, from whence they came.

We went forward into the island, where we found some fruits and herbs to prolong our lives as long as we could. As we went on we per-

of the elephant, and covered his shoulders; and his nails were as long and crooked as the talons of the greatest birds. At sight of this monster we fainted with fear.

When we came to ourselves we saw him sitting in the porch, looking at us. At last he came towards us, and laying his hand upon me, he took me by the nape of my neck and turned me round as a butcher would do a sheep's head: but, perceiving me to be so lean, he let me go.

He took up all the rest one by one; and, the captain being the fattest, he held him with one hand, as I would do a sparrow, and, thrusting a spit through him,

The pain made him give a dreadful cry, and get up and stretch out his hands in order to sacrifice us to his rage; but we ran out of his way. He then groped for the gate and went out, howling dreadfully as he went along. We followed him out of the palace, and came to the shore, where our floats lay, and put them immediately into the sea.

Day had scarcely appeared when we perceived our cruel enemy, accompanied with two others almost of the same size, leading him; and a great number more coming before him with a very quick pace.

When we saw this we made no delay, but got immediately upon our floats, and rowed off from the shore. The giants, who perceived this, took up great stones, and, running to the shore, entered the water up to the middle, and threw so exactly that they sunk all the floats but that I was upon; and all my companions, except the two with me, were drowned.

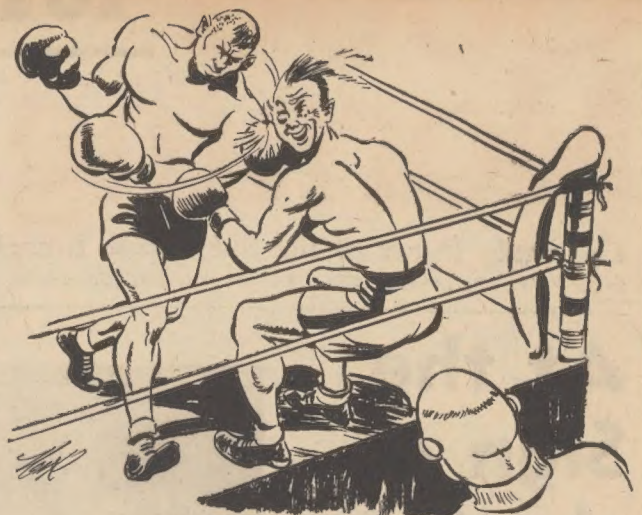
We rowed with all our might, and got out of the reach of the giants; and, after tossing about a day and a night, we had the good luck to be thrown upon an island, where we landed. We found excellent fruit there, which gave us great relief, so that we recovered our strength.

In the evening we fell asleep on the bank of the sea; but were awakened by the noise of a serpent as long as a palm-tree, whose scales made a rustling as he crept along. He swallowed up one of my comrades, notwithstanding his loud cries, and the efforts he made to rid himself of the serpent, which, shaking him several times against the ground, crushed him; and we could hear him gnaw and tear the poor wretch's bones, when we had fled at a great distance from him.

As we walked about we saw a large tree, upon which we designed to pass the following night, for our security; and having satisfied our hunger with fruit, we mounted it accordingly. A little while after, the serpent came hissing to the root of the tree, raised itself up against the trunk of it, and meeting with my comrade, who sat lower than I, swallowed him at once, and went off.

I came down from the tree; and, not thinking of the resignation I had made to the will of God the preceding day, I ran towards the sea, with a design to throw myself into it headlong. God took compassion on my desperate state; for just as I was going to throw myself into the sea I perceived a ship at a considerable distance.

I called as loud as I could; and, taking the linen from my turban, displayed it, that they might observe me. This had the desired effect: all the crew perceived me, and the captain sent me his boat. As soon as I came aboard, the



"He's a scream, ain't he? So unorthodox!"

merchants and seamen flocked around me to know how I came into that desert island; and I told them all that befell me.

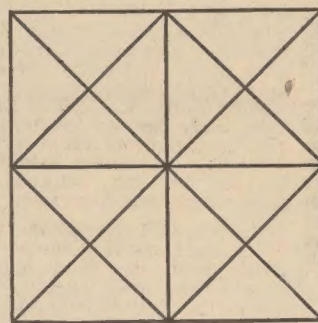
We were at sea for some time, touched at several islands, and at last landed at that of Salabat, where we anchored. The merchants began to unload their goods, in order to sell or exchange them.

In the meantime the captain came to me, and said, Brother, I have here a parcel of goods that belonged to a merchant who sailed on board this ship; and he being dead, I design to dispose of them for the benefit of his heirs, I hope you will take care of them, and you shall have factorage.

The clerk of the ship asked the captain in whose name he should enter those he gave me the charge of. Enter them, says the captain, in the name of Sindbad the sailor.

I could not hear myself named without some emotion; and, looking steadfastly on the captain I knew him to be the person who, in my second voyage, had left me in the island when I fell asleep by a brook, and set sail without me.

Captain, I says, look upon me and you may know that I am Sindbad, whom you left on the desert island.



1. This simple diagram consists of a block of four squares, each with its diagonals drawn in. The puzzle is to see how many different triangles you can find in it. The triangles may be of any size.

2. Is it possible to draw this figure without taking your pencil off the paper or going over the same lines twice, and if so, where would you start? (Answers on Page 2 in No. 468)

After a long voyage we reached Bagdad with so great riches that I knew not what I had.

Having finished, Sindbad gave a third hundred sequins to Hindbad, the porter, and told him to return next day to hear the story of the fourth voyage.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A sigil is a sentry, young swan, carpenter's tool, tracing pencil, signet, Roman witch?
2. What is the proper name of the common English bird which, like the cuckoo, never builds a nest, and which is variously called a goat-sucker, fern-owl, nighthawk, or churn-owl?
3. What is the minimum number of eclipses which must happen during a year?
4. Which is the heaviest, and which the lightest, of the metals mercury, gold, and platinum?
5. Where is Mount Erebus?
6. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Porcupine, Porphory, Porpose, Porcelain, Portcullis.

Answers to Quiz in No. 466

1. French accent.
2. Wine or cider with milk and sugar.
3. A marsh at the foot of the Himalayas.
4. Seven; when there are five of the sun and two of the moon.
5. Gold is nearly twice as heavy as lead.
6. Denunciation. Deodorise.

If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few; by resignation, none.

Thomas Jefferson
(1743-1826).

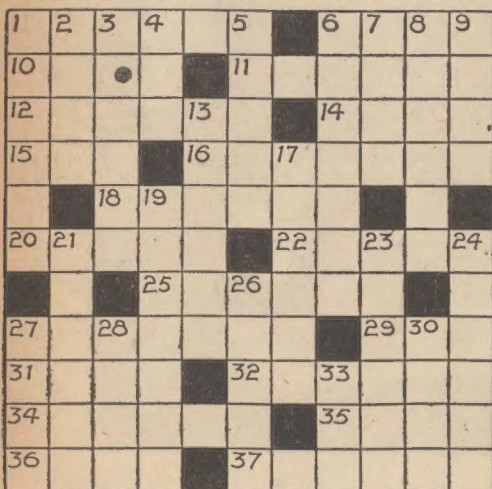
WANGLING WORDS—406

1. Put cunning in EH and get a member of the Galaxy.
2. Rearrange the following letters to make four drinks: RECEOOF, YESHIWK, DOLE-NAME, IDRICEI.
3. In the following names of five novelists the same number stands for the same letter throughout; who are they? 2ISK694, 27YL6, FA38679, 8637M6, 5H64163179.
4. Find the two hidden trees in: If he makes a similar choice, Marcel may win a prize, too.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 405

1. ANTIMONY.
2. SEINE, THAMES, AMAZON, GANGES, ST. LAWRENCE.
3. Wardrobe, Sideboard, Lamp, Cupboard.
4. Ober-on, Grab-le.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Number.
- 6 Harvest.
- 10 Wander.
- 11 Fir leaf.
- 12 Correctly.
- 14 Keep on record.
- 15 Adults.
- 16 Judge.
- 18 Deep gorge.
- 20 Particle.
- 22 Concise.
- 25 Middle.
- 27 Generous.
- 29 Tun.
- 31 Presage.
- 32 Doctor.
- 34 Boil.
- 35 Past.
- 36 Is mistaken.
- 37 Compendium.

FLAG RING D
ROBIN ROUSE
AWARE ADIEU
N SATIN LAC
CHEF RUSTLE
E FLASH E
CAVEAT RIDS
URE TEPID H
DENSE ELEGY
DRUPE PLANE
Y SANK SLUR

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Trudges.
- 2 Had on.
- 3 Show.
- 4 Limb.
- 5 Coming in.
- 6 One who clarifies.
- 7 Arrange for Press.
- 8 Garden walks.
- 9 Marquis.
- 13 Long.
- 17 Phial.
- 19 Emphasises.
- 21 Size of type.
- 23 Resuscitate.
- 24 Get forcibly.
- 26 Called.
- 27 Mislay.
- 28 Drink.
- 30 Cards.
- 33 Hound.

JANE



HE MURDERER THEN TRANSFERRED THE CONTENTS OF THE CANOE TO HIS CABIN RAFT...

 A cartoon illustration of a man with a large nose and a small hat, wearing a dark shirt and pants, sitting in a small wooden cabin on a raft. The cabin has a chimney with smoke coming out. The raft is made of logs and is floating on water. In the background, there are hills and a small boat on the water.

... AND THEN SANK THE CANOE
THUS COVERING THE LAST POSSIBLE
CLUE TO HIS DASTARD DEED...



C.235

THE DIRTY MURDERING HOUND... AND HE THOUGHT NOBODY SEEN HIM!

... WELL YOUNG PEOPLE, I MUST CONGRATULATE YOU ON HELPING US CATCH A DANGEROUS CRIMINAL- AND SAVING THOSE VALUABLE DRUGS -

AW, DON'T MENSHUN IT, OFFICER!-BUT IT'S A PITY 'BOUT POOR OLD PERFESSOR GAB, ISN'T IT!?

I'M NOT SO SURE! HE WAS DEEPLY IMPLICATED, AND PERHAPS, FOR THE GOOD NAME OF THE SCHOOL, IT WAS ALL FOR THE BEST—

OH DEAR!—I SHALL NEVER LIVE DOWN THE SCANDAL!

-AND AS FOR YOU TWO-DON'T FLATTER YOURSELVES YOU ARE YOUNG HEROES!- YOU'RE JUST A COUPLE OF NAUGHTY DISOBEDIENT CHILDREN TO ME!-TCHAH!!

C.235

A cartoon panel from "The Simpsons". In the center, Mr. Burns, wearing a suit and bow tie, looks shocked as he shouts, "I THREW THE TOMATO— SO WHAT?". To his right, Homer Simpson is being held back by Barney Gumble, who says, "PLEASE PUT SALT ON THE NEXT ONE". On the far right, another man yells, "HARRY APE IS UP TO SOME-THING CROOKED! WATCH HIM, REFEREE!". The crowd is depicted with various expressions of surprise and excitement, some shouting "HA HA HA" or "BLASTID-". There are several exclamation marks and question marks floating around the scene.

C. 235.

[illegible]

WHAT A HEAVENLY TUNE! - I CAN'T REMEMBER HAVING HEARD IT BEFORE.

C. 235.

A man in a suit is sitting at a grand piano, looking down with a sad expression. A large thought bubble above him contains the text: "OH, GOSH! - IF ONLY I COULD GET A SONG PUBLISHED! - I LOVE MUSIC - BUT I CANT EAT IT!". The background is dark and indistinct.

DOESN'T MR JARFIELD
EVER COME DOWN TO
MEALS, MRS SHUFFLEBOTTOM?

NO, DEARIE
WE DON'T
SEE HIM
FOR DAYS
SOMETIMES—
ES SUCH A
QUEER YOUNG
FELLER!

E SITS THERE AT HIS OLD PIANO AND HE WON'T BE DISTURBED - EATS OUT, E SAYS

I WONDER?

**THE SAXON GEA-WOLVES
ATTACK THE FORT OF
ANDERIDA** C.235

THESE POOR WRETCHES
WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO
PREVENT THE WINGED HATS
FROM SCALING THE
BASTIONS

A black and white illustration of a Roman soldier. He is wearing a crested helmet and a tunic with a sash. He holds a sword in his right hand and a shield in his left. He has a determined expression. The background is simple, with some horizontal lines suggesting a landscape or sky.

I MUST MEET THE
ATTACK WITH GUILE,
DAWN—I WILL
GO OUT
ALONE
AGAINST
THEM

COR, LEMME FINK, NOW WOT'S TERDAY-OR IS IT TERMORRER-?

DAMMIT, DOTARD! YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING!

C.235

HIC!-I WON'T SAY I AIN'T BIN 'OVERIN' RAHND TH' ERBACEOUS 'OP, CAPTING-BUT DRINKIN'—NO, CAPTING!!

WHERE'S THE RHINO, SLAVE?

RHINO, CAPTIV? WOT RHINO?- I AIN'T GOT NO RHINO!!!

CURSE YOU, CATIFF - TAKE THIS SAUCE TO SOBER YOURSELF

THE THIN RED LINE

**"B-R-R-R!-FRETEN ME WIV
A CORKSCREW-THIS AIN'T
SAUCE, CAPTAIN!- IT'S ME
PATENT COCKROACH
CRIPPLER!!**

I get around-
RON RICHARDS'
COLUMN

A cartoon illustration of a man with a large nose and a small hat riding a bicycle. A large basket is attached to the back of the bicycle. The scene is set against a background of stylized clouds and a small hill.

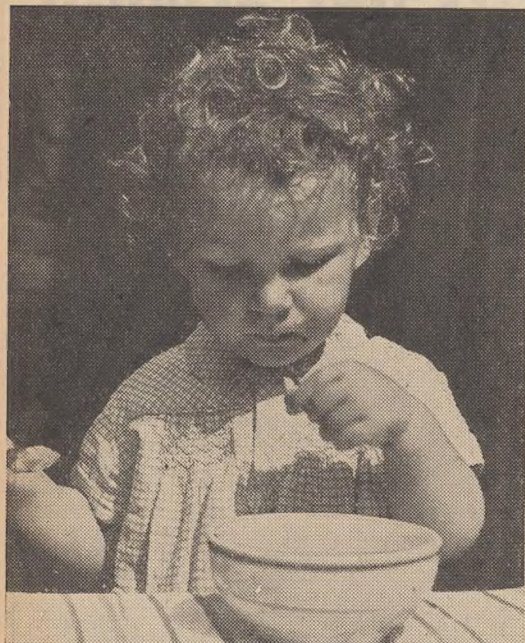
He explained that the scholarships will be given after preliminary tests, and young women who apply for them need not be discouraged because they are not particularly good looking.

Kon Richards

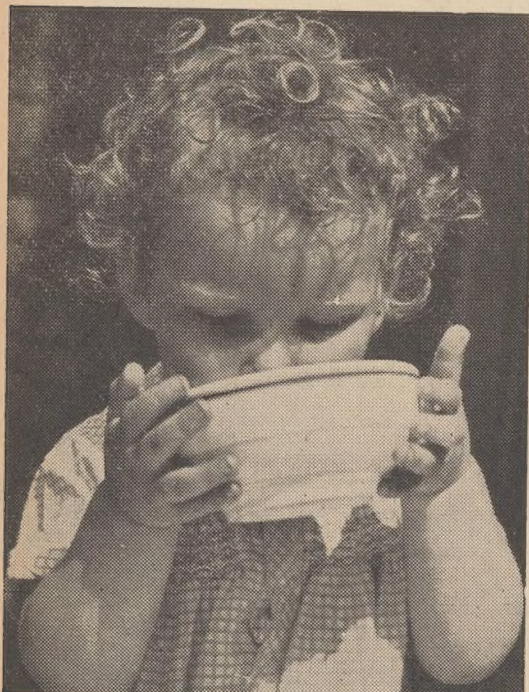
Good Morning

This England

"... and we came to a land where it was always afternoon." Rolling pastures, near Studham, Bedfordshire.



"'NOW EAT IT UP,' she says. But a fellow's got to be careful what he puts into his tummy."



"Mmm! Not bad. Not bad at all. Got quite a kick in it."



"Haven't tasted a tippie like this since — well, since the cows came home."



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Glamorous cat takes an 'easy,' too"



Glamorous Paramount star Olivia de Havilland takes an "easy."